certain evidence that the heavy rainfall was beginning to have its effect upon the track. It was a substantial road-bed, however, as Western railway-builders reckon stability, and I gave but a passing thought to the possibilities of disaster as I crept into lower eleven, and fell asleep to dream of Irish Munchausens and impossible adventures in the company of a grotesque figure in a black frock-coat and a narrow-brimmed hat.

It was in the midst of the most fantastic of these dreams that I awoke, to find myself clutching frantically at the bedclothing as the sleeper left the rails and jolted heavily over the ties for a breathless moment before it plunged down the embankment. After that there was a painless blank, and when it came to an end I found myself pinned down upon my face in pitchy darkness. A single struggle convinced me that I was quite helpless, and I waited with what fortitude I could summon for some sign of approaching assistance. The shouts of the rescuers and the dull blows of their axes told me that others were involved, and I shuddered when I thought of the crowded laborers' car in the forward part of the train. After what seemed an endless interval of suspense, a faint gleam of light penetrated the wreckage above me, coming, as I imagined, from the lanterns of those whose voices I heard in welcome proximity. I shouted eagerly to call attention to my helplessness, and a moment later my cries became shrieks when I realized that the light came not from the lanterns, but from a fire which was eating its way through the mass of inflammable material behind and above me.

Even at this late day I cannot think calmly of the horrible agony I endured while the pitiless flames crept toward my prison. It is unnecessary to attempt to set it down in words; it is enough to have borne it. Two facts connected with it stand out clear and distinct in the field of memory. In the increasing light I could see that the way to liberty was open above me if I could but struggle out of the trap of splintered timbers holding me down. That is one of them. The other is the name of the ill-fated car shining in letters of gold on a broken panel just before my eyes — "El Chiquito." The letters were seared into my brain as with a branding-iron, and I have only to close my eyes now to see them flaming before me as I write.

The air was like the breath of a furnace, and the roar of the fire was in my ears, when I heard M'Graw's call in the confusion of voices overhead. Then there was a sickening odor of burning flesh, the rush of a falling body, and the Irishman was flat on his face beside me, thrusting himself under the timbers lying across my back.

"Kape yer nerve, Mr. Harold, till I 'd be gettin' me back under it"; and then — "now, then, if ye 're not kilt entirely, lift for the life o' yez!"

I obeyed mechanically, and the crushing weight of wreckage moved upward by half-inches.

"That 's enough — out with ye!" came the stifled command.

I am glad now to remember that I hesitated, having some dim sense of the inevitable consequences to my rescuer.

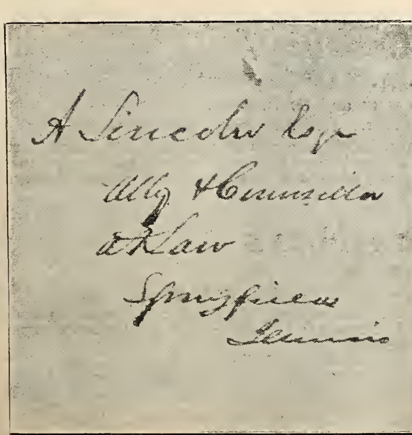
"But, Mac, it 's your life or mine —" I began, when he broke in with a terrible oath.

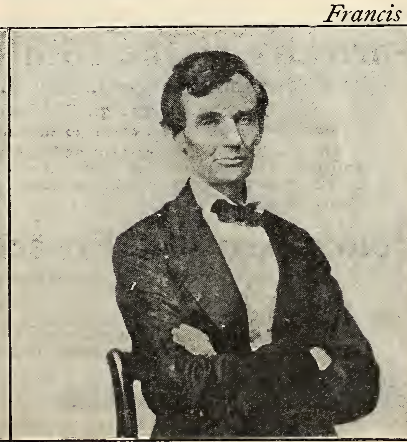
"Dom yer eyes! Will ye get out o' this, or will I sthrangle ye where ye are?"

I shall always be thankful that the fear of death was not unnerving enough to keep me from refusing, but my protest was cut short by a deluge of water, and I felt strong hands lifting me through the smoke and steam into the cool, fresh air of the night. I recall, as if it were part of a fearful dream, the struggle with my rescuers, and my ineffectual attempts to fling myself back into the fiery pit out of which they had drawn me, and after that there is another blank reaching across to an awakening among friendly faces in the guests' chamber of a farm-house near the scene of the wreck.

And M'Graw? It was only yesterday that he sat in my office, smoking his villainous cigars, and recounting his latest besetments in Colorado by fire, flood, and desperate men; and while there was the same familiar ring of unreality in his speech, the livid scars upon his face and hands will always vouch, to at least one listener, for the verity of his most incredible narrative.

Francis Lynde.





Boner.

WASHINGTON IN LINCOLN'S TIME.

Century BY NOAH BROOKS, Nov 1894

Author of "Abraham Lincoln: A Biography for Young People," "American Statesmen," etc.

THE CAPITAL AS A CAMP — CONVERSATIONS WITH LINCOLN — SOME FAMOUS MEN OF THE PERIOD — CABINET AND EXECUTIVE OFFICERS.

THE CAPITAL AS A CAMP.

I WENT to Washington in 1862 as correspondent of the "Sacramento Union," then the great newspaper power of the Pacific coast. I remained there until after the close of the Civil War, and saw the beginning of the stormy presidential career of Andrew Johnson. During that momentous and interesting period of our national history, I wrote newspaper letters nearly every day; and these, preserved in volumes of scrapbooks, with other materials carefully kept, form the basis of these reminiscences.

Several years before the war, while I was a resident of Illinois, I had made the acquaintance of Abraham Lincoln, then regarded as a "rising prairie lawyer," and living in Springfield. I had met him at political assemblages, and he had occasional business errands to the town of Dixon, Lee County, where I lived. We formed an acquaintance which later grew into something like intimacy, although it should be said that Mr. Lincoln did not have intimate friends, unless we except a very few who, like Edward D. Baker, were among his earliest associates and companions.

Naturally, my first thought on arriving in Washington, in 1862, was to see how far the President resembled the Lincoln of Illinois before the war. The change in his personal appearance was marked and sorrowful. On the Sunday after my arrival in Washington, I took a long look at him from the gallery of the New York Avenue Presbyterian Church. His eyes were almost deathly in their gloomy depths, and on his visage was an air of profound sadness. His face was colorless and drawn, and newly grown whiskers added to the agedness of his appearance. When I had seen him last in Illinois, his face, although always sallow, wore a tinge of rosiness in the cheeks, but now it was pale and lifeless.

Hearing from a friend that I was in the city, he immediately sent word that he would like to see me "for old times' sake"; and nothing could have been more gratifying than the cordiality and bonhomie of his greeting when I called at the White House. "Do you suppose I ever forget an old acquaintance? I reckon not," he said, when we met.

Washington was then a military camp, a city of barracks and hospitals. The first thing that impressed the newly arrived stranger, especially if he came as I did from the shores of the Peaceful Sea, where the waves of war had not reached, was the martial aspect of the capital. Long lines of army wagons and artillery were continually rumbling through the streets; at all hours of the day and night the air was troubled by the clatter of galloping squads of cavalry; and the clank of sabers and the measured beat of marching infantry were ever present to the ear. The city was under military law, and the wayfarer was liable to be halted anywhere in public buildings, or on the outskirts of the city, by an armed sentry, who curtly asked, "What is your business here?" Army blue was the predominating color on the sidewalks, sprinkled here and there with the gold lace of officers. In the galleries of the Senate and House of Representatives, especially during the cold weather when the well-warmed Capitol was a convenient refuge for idle people, great patches of the light blue of the military overcoats were to be marked among the more somber colors of the groups of visitors. It was contrary to army regulations to supply soldiers with liquors, and in the bar-rooms cards were conspicuous bearing the legend: "Nothing sold to soldiers." At some of the drinking-places, as if to soften the severity of this dictum, was displayed an artistically painted group of the three arms of the military service over which were printed the words, "No liquor sold to."

CONVERSATIONS WITH LINCOLN.

THE President and Mrs. Lincoln, accompanied by Mrs. Doubleday (the wife of General Abner Doubleday) and myself, were once visiting the Patent Office hospital, and the two ladies, being a little in advance, left us lingering by the cot of a wounded soldier. Just beyond passed a well-dressed lady, evidently a stranger, who was distributing tracts. After she had gone, a patient picked up with languid hand the leaflet dropped upon his cot, and, glancing at the title, began to laugh. When we reached him, the President said: "My good fellow,

that lady doubtless means you well, and it is hardly fair for you to laugh at her gift."

"Well, Mr. President," said the soldier, who recognized Mr. Lincoln. "How can I help laughing a little? She has given me a tract on the 'Sin of Dancing,' and both of my legs are shot off."

President Lincoln, who loved to hear stories of the soldiers and their humorous pranks, told me of a soldier who was being carried to the rear in a great engagement seriously wounded, and likely to die. He espied a sutler-woman with leathery-looking pies, driving her trade on "the devious verge of battle fought." The bleeding soldier grinned at the woman and said: "Say, old lady, are those pies sewed or pegged?"

It is impossible in these days, so remote from the excitements of the Civil War, to give readers of the later generation any adequate idea of the uneasiness that pervaded Washington, or of the morbid sensationalism which characterized the conversation and conduct of the loyalists who were constantly haunted by suspicions of secret plotting all about them. One evening, while I was sitting with the President in his cabinet, Professor Henry, then in charge of the Smithsonian Institution, came in for a social chat with the President. The conversation ran upon various unimportant themes, and presently a card was brought in by the doorkeeper, who said that the man in waiting was extremely urgent to see the President, as he had matters of pressing importance to communicate. He was brought into the room, and proved to be a modest shopkeeper whose home was not far from the Smithsonian Institution. Glancing uneasily at the President's two visitors, whom he evidently did not know, he said his business was very important and should be kept secret. The President assured him that Professor Henry and myself were to be trusted with any business of state, however secret it might be, and genially encouraged his visitor to speak out without fear of being betrayed in case the weighty matter which he carried in his mind was of an explosive character. The man then went on to say that he had frequently observed lights shown from one of the towers of the Smithsonian Institution late at night. He had noticed that these lights invariably made their appearance about the same time (at midnight) and he was confident that the person displaying them was carrying on a contraband correspondence with the rebels by means of signals. The President, with great gravity, closely examined the witness, but elicited nothing more from him than the fact that the lights were actually shown.

The President said, "Do you suspect anybody in the Smithsonian Institution?"

"No," replied the witness, "I do not know anybody inside of that institution. But I have heard that Professor Henry is a Southern man and a rebel sympathizer."

With that the President turned to Professor Henry and, with admirable command of countenance, said, "This is Professor Henry; perhaps he will be able to answer for himself." The look of dismay on the countenance of the visiting witness was so grotesque that the President could not restrain his laughter. Professor Henry, who was somewhat disturbed by this expression of suspicion on the part of the well-meaning but mistaken Unionist, very briefly disposed of his tale. He explained that the scientific instruments used to ascertain the direction and force of the wind, temperature, etc., were examined at certain hours of the day and night for the purpose of taking their record, and that the supposed signal-light in the Smithsonian tower was the lantern carried to the observatory at midnight by the attendant who made those observations. Somewhat crestfallen, the visitor withdrew, the President thanking him for his vigilance and well-meant promptness in reporting this incident, and adding, as the man departed, "If you should see any indications of a rebel conspiracy in Washington, you will do the country real service by reporting at once to headquarters."

The frequent appearance in Washington of paroled rebel officers, who usually wore their own uniform with evident pride and pleasure, and sometimes with a swagger, generally threw loyalists into a fever of excitement. More than once I saw ultra-loyal newsboys or boot-blacks throw a lump of mud, or a brickbat, at the passing Confederate. One of these officers, a Lieutenant Garnett, being on parole, sent in his card to Representative Wickliffe, of Kentucky, and was by him introduced upon the floor of the House, where he attracted attention, as well as indignation, from the members present. Presently a wave of excitement seemed to sweep over the galleries, the spectators being visibly affected by the appearance of an officer in full Confederate uniform sitting on one of the sofas of the House of Representatives! This was intensified when a doorkeeper spoke to the visitor, who rose from his seat, gave a profound and sweeping bow and withdrew to the outer corridor. It appears that the doorkeeper had told the Confederate that it was contrary to the rules of the House for him to be present.

One of the most interesting side incidents of the war during the winter of 1862, in Washington, was the court martial that tried General Fitz-John Porter for alleged disobedience of orders. Another interesting and attractive military tribunal was that convoked at the request of General McDowell to inquire into the

conduct of that officer after General McClellan assumed command of the Army of the Potomac. The little mean room in which the court of inquiry was held was usually crowded whenever any prominent general officer was summoned before it. About the middle of December, 1862, General McClellan, who not long before had been relieved from command of the Army of the Potomac, was a "star witness" before the court. There was a great rush of sightseers, anxious to see "Little Mac," to hear his voice, and to feel the magnetism of his presence. So great was the crowd of visitors that the single orderly who kept the door was at his wit's end to provide a channel of ingress for the ex-commander-in-chief of the Army of the Potomac. When he finally arrived, McClellan, who wore an undress uniform and a short military cloak, slipped in through the crowd without attracting much attention, and great was the disappointment of the mob at the door when they found that they had missed seeing him. General McClellan was rather dapper, trimly built, with round, full outlines of face and figure, light hair and mustache, and an easy and gracious manner. He answered the questions put to him in a quick, clear, low voice, keeping his light-gray eyes intently fixed upon the questioner; and his mouth almost constantly wore a pleasant and winning smile. Every one in the crowded and uncomfortable court-room seemed to feel the attractiveness of his face and manner, and it was curious to note the admiring, half-loving, half-pitying expression which moved over the unconscious countenances of the intently gazing spectators as they bent forward to catch the slightest look and intonation of the ex-commander. The progress of business in the McDowell court of inquiry was tediously slow. McDowell wrote each of his questions on a slip of paper. The clerk took it from him, and read it to the witness, who answered it; then the clerk wrote down the answer, and question and answer were wafered on a sheet. McDowell, who sat opposite McClellan, had a full face, a commanding military figure, and certainly was "the General," so far as looks were concerned, compared with McClellan. McDowell's manner was dignified, decisive, and at times almost solemn.

Just before the battle of Chancellorsville, I visited the Army of the Potomac, its headquarters being then at Falmouth, in President Lincoln's company. We were detained *en route* by a storm, and spent one night on board the steamer anchored in the Potomac. In the course of conversation that evening, the President, was communicative and in a confidential mood, and discussed the military situation with much freedom. Speaking of McClellan, he said, "I kept McClellan in command after I had expected that he would win victories, simply because I knew that his dismissal would provoke popular indignation, and shake the faith of the people in the final success of the war." Very soon after the battle of Chancellorsville, and before the battle of Gettysburg was fought, the old rumor of McClellan's recall again got upon its legs, to the great consternation of many of Lincoln's friends in Washington. This report was more than usually vigorous and plausible. Hooker's failure at Chancellorsville, and the blow which his military prestige had suffered in consequence, gave public opinion a decidedly sharp fillip. One evening, while this rumor was gaining strength, I chanced to be in the family sitting-room at the White House, where the President, Mrs. Lincoln, and several callers were assembled, when an indiscreet young lady directly attacked Lincoln with the extraordinary question: "Mr. President, is McClellan going to be recalled to the command of the Army of the Potomac?" The President good-naturedly parried this home-thrust, but gave no satisfactory answer. Afterward joining in the conversation, I intimated to the President that as he had not settled the matter, there probably might be some ground for the general suspicion that McClellan would be recalled. Lincoln, who sat near me, put on a very severe look, and turning, said in an undertone, "And you too?" I instantly recalled our conversation on the steamer, and apologized for my lack of faith. He then added, "I see you remember the talk we had on the *Carrie Martin*."

SOME FAMOUS MEN OF THE PERIOD.

It is curious to note how the names of many of the men who were prominent in the political history of the Civil War have now well nigh vanished from the minds of our people. Thaddeus Stevens, of Pennsylvania, at his post of chairman of the House Committee of Ways and Means, was for a long time the leader of the House, and the most conspicuous figure of the Republican party in that branch of Congress. He was the oldest and the ablest man in congressional life. He was sturdy, well built, with dark-blue and dull-looking eyes, overhanging brow, thin, stern lips, a smooth-shaven face, and wore a dark-brown wig. He walked with a limp, one of his feet being deformed. "Thad" Stevens was never tender-hearted, winning, or conciliatory. He was argumentative, sardonic, and grim. When he rose to speak, it was his usual custom to lock his hands loosely before him, making but few gestures; he spoke with great calmness and deliberation, dropping his sentences as though

each one weighed a ton; his voice was low, but distinct, and he launched his anathemas at his opponents as coolly as if he were bandying compliments. While he wore "the very front of Jove himself," he had a certain repose of manner that was particularly exasperating to his adversaries. Nor did he spare his own political associates if they happened to differ with him. On one occasion, a New York representative, who had a curious way of dividing himself on each side of nearly every question, irritated Mr. Stevens by his perverse conduct, and was thus rebuked by the old leader: "The gentleman from New York has more privileges here than belong to him. He has the advantage of being able to pair off with himself on every question." On another occasion, Mr. Stevens being temporarily in the seat of Vallandigham, heard a Republican member make an appeal to the Constitution of the United States. Rising with grim humor in the place of the distinguished Copperhead from Ohio, Stevens said: "How dare you, sir, mention the Constitution of the United States, in this House?"

Henry Winter Davis was another eloquent and able man, but, except for his record as a persistent and radical critic of Lincoln's reconstruction policy, he has not left any lasting trace of his public career. At that time he was about forty-five years of age, light in complexion, with a round, boyish head, sandy hair, and mustache. He had a high, clear, ringing voice, and a manner of speaking which was peculiar in its sharpness and firmness. He was a brilliant speaker, but not a ready debater; and he had a compact and direct way of putting things which always commanded close attention whenever he spoke. Garfield once said of him that his eloquence was "clear and cold, like starlight." In the Thirty-sixth Congress Davis gave the casting vote which dissolved a tie, and elected Pennington of New Jersey Republican Speaker of the House.

Clement L. Vallandigham of Ohio was the leading spirit in the mischievous Peace faction on the Democratic side of the House. He was well built, and was then about forty years of age, with a small head, regular and somewhat delicate features, and dark hair slightly sprinkled with gray. His complexion was fresh and fair, and his manner was agreeable and prepossessing. He dressed with great neatness and, as he sat at his desk, turning over his papers, occasionally smiling at the petty discussions raised by Holman, the small jokes of Cox, or the grumblings of Wickliffe of Kentucky, he was altogether a personable man. He was a good speaker — smooth, plausible, and polished; and in private life he was a most agreeable and delightful talker. I think of him now with real regret (notwithstanding his political record), as a genial and pleasant companion, a steadfast friend, and a man well versed in literature, history, and politics; he died in the prime of his manhood. When he made a set speech he often became greatly excited, and his face wore an expression at times almost repulsive, and his voice rose to a wild shriek; his hands fluttered convulsively in the air, and the manner of the man underwent a physical transformation. His power over his party in the House was complete when "filibustering" tactics were going on. At a word from him, or a wave of his hand, the Peace Democrats would incontinently scud into the lobbies or cloakrooms; or his signal would bring them all back when they were needed in their seats.

Fernando Wood succeeded to the leadership of the Peace Democrats in the Thirty-eighth Congress, Vallandigham not having been returned to the House. A more marked contrast between two men can hardly be imagined. Wood was always calm, cool, and collected. His hair and mustache were dyed black, and his thin, spare face, elegant manners, and precise method of speech, gave him the appearance of a refined and scholarly man. He never lost his temper, was always agreeable, polite, and even courtly. He did not like Vallandigham, and on more than one occasion he held long conversations with President Lincoln in regard to the then notorious Ohio Copperhead. He was especially anxious that the President should not make a martyr of Vallandigham, of whom he expressed a most contemptuous opinion, and of whom he said that, if he were let alone, he would speedily sink out of sight.

Another conspicuous representative was James A. Garfield, who came into the House at the beginning of the first session of the Thirty-eighth Congress. He had been chief-of-staff to General Rosecrans, and the day before he was sworn in, when he was introduced to his future associates, he wore a brigadier-general's uniform. The next day he appeared in citizen's garb, and took his seat in the House. His disposition to literary and bookish allusions is well known. Once in a while his colleague, Samuel S. Cox (who then also represented an Ohio district), would rally Garfield on his pedantry, or sarcastically allude to him as "the learned gentleman from Ohio." Garfield's manner was rather boyish, even when in public view. He would sometimes wind his arm round the waist of one of his associates in the House, and walk him up and down in the space behind the seats of the members, apparently oblivious to the fact that hundreds of people were regarding him with amusement.

Schuyler Colfax was a prime favorite with the members of the House, and with the newspaper men. He had a youthful face and manner,

and was somewhat under the medium height. Colfax was versatile, indefatigably industrious, and was one of the readiest debaters on the Union side. He was light-haired and blue-eyed, and usually wore an expression so engaging and genial that unpleasant people sometimes called him "Smiler" Colfax. Before he was elected Speaker, he was chairman of the House Committee on Post-Offices, and in that place he exercised a great influence in the readjustment of the mail service of the country after the secession of the Southern States. It is impossible for any one who knew Colfax intimately to recall his long and prosperous career as a public man without a pang of regret. As I have said, he was a general favorite, and his affability, his readiness to do a good turn for friend and foe alike, his skill and ability in parliamentary usages, commended him to the admiration and esteem of thousands of people. In an evil hour for him, his reputation was clouded, and his personality disappeared from public life. His manner as a presiding officer left something to be desired. He was too rapid to be dignified, and his devotion to the public business often betrayed him into neglect of the proprieties. Ben Perley Poore, the cynical observer of Congress, said that Colfax presided over the House "like an auctioneer"; and it was a cause of mortification to some that when the President's private secretary appeared at the door of the House with a message, he was invariably addressed by the Speaker as "Mr. Sekkertary." Colfax was greatly beloved by his constituents, and was frequently honored with complimentary testimonials of his popularity. He was entertained at a banquet by the newspaper correspondents in Washington on his election to the Speakership, and, at another time, a handsome service of silver was presented to him by his Indiana friends in Washington.

No sketch of the House of Representatives of those days would be complete without a note concerning Thaddeus Morris, the Speaker's special page. When Mr. Orr, of South Carolina, was Speaker, he discovered in this young man, then a mere boy, a remarkable knowledge of parliamentary law combined with an extraordinary memory for names and dates. Orr at once attached Morris to the Speaker's chair, where he kept his place until his death in March, 1864. Probably few strangers ever noticed the tall, slim young man who leaned negligently on a corner of the Speaker's marble desk, apparently but slightly interested in the proceedings of the House, but really regarding all that passed with the most watchful vigilance. The youngster kept track of the mazy confusion of business, and could disentangle for the sometimes bewildered Speaker the most labyrinthine complication. Whenever a knotty question of parliamentary law or precedence arose, Morris would solve the difficulty with amazing facility. While the Speaker was addressing the House in a perfunctory way, stating the question at issue in order to consume the time needed by Morris to gather his authorities, the young man would silently place before the Speaker reference book after reference book, with chapter and verse duly marked, perhaps taken from the records of the earliest years of the government, and collated for use as precedents in just such a case as this under consideration. The mute prompter's hand was the compass that enabled the tempest-tossed Speaker to steer clear of rocks and shoals on which he might have wrecked his reputation as a presiding officer. Morris's death was a real loss to the House, but possibly some of the hair-splitting debaters, who had failed to trip the Speaker when they "rose to a question of order," did not regard with unmitigable grief the place left vacant at the corner of the Speaker's dais.

In the Senate, of course, were many men whose names are as intimately connected with the history of those times as any in the House of Representatives. On the Republican side, Henry Wilson of Massachusetts was conspicuous as the chairman of the Senate Military Committee. He was stout, florid, dark-haired, and of a portly figure. In manner he was entirely unlike his colleague, Mr. Sumner. Wilson was rather loose and ramshackle in his manner of speech; his enunciation was not distinct, his delivery was slipshod, and he was neither precise nor fortunate in his choice of words to express ideas. He impressed one as a man of great mental force not well schooled. Sumner, on the other hand, was a model of forensic elegance, scholarly culture, and precision. His manner of statement was emphatic, even oracular — some of his unfriendly critics said he was dogmatic; and he spoke with a certain fastidiousness in the choice of language which provoked injurious comments. Speaking to me of these comments, which had reached his ears, Sumner once said that when he addressed the Senate, even on matters of mere routine, he thought he ought to be as accurate and as fastidious as if he were engaged in high debate; and he cited an anecdote of Daniel Webster, who, when asked concerning his custom of wearing his best and most elaborate dress on the public platform, reproachfully asked his interlocutor if he should not present his best thoughts, his best manner, his best garb, when he addressed his fellow-men.

Wilson was always genial, conciliatory; Sumner's bearing was apt to be dictatorial and impressive, even on occasions of slight importance. Sumner's figure was tall, well knit, and handsome. He had a noble head, a profusion of

dark-brown hair, which was arranged with an appearance of studied negligence, and his presence was always commanding and dignified. He was one of the few men whom visitors to the Senate galleries first asked to have pointed out for them. He affected a picturesque style of dress, wearing colors brighter than those which predominated in the senatorial togas of the period. His favorite costume was a brown coat and light waistcoat, lavender-colored or checked trousers, and shoes with English gaiters. His appearance in his seat in the Senate Chamber was studiously dignified. He once told me that he never allowed himself, even in the privacy of his own chamber, to fall into a position which he would not take in his chair in the Senate. "Habit," he said, "is everything." This being repeated to jolly Senator Nesmith of Oregon, he said: "I wonder how Sumner would look in his night-shirt?" During the greater part of my stay in Washington, I occupied the rooms on New York Avenue which had previously been tenanted by Mr. Sumner. Mr. Gardner, the aged custodian of the house, whom we facetiously dubbed "The Ancient," once told me that his family always knew when Sumner was preparing to make a set speech in the Senate, weeks before it was known to the general public. In the rear of Sumner's apartment was a gallery from which the interior of the rooms could be viewed. The younger members of the Gardner family, with a curiosity natural to youth, would be attracted by the sound of the senator's magnificent voice rehearsing his speech, and from the gallery they could look in and see him before a pier-glass, fixed between the front windows, studying the effect of his gestures by the light of lamps placed at each side of the mirror. It is very likely that this entirely natural practice of the senator became known to his enemies, who magnified it as Senator Butler of South Carolina did, sneeringly saying that "the senator from Massachusetts was in the habit of rehearsing his speeches before a looking-glass, with a nigger holding a lamp on each side of him."

Sumner excelled all the men I have known in the art of extracting from others and using any fund of knowledge which they might have, and which could be made useful for his own purposes. He would graciously receive and entertain men whose experience or mental acquisitions could be utilized, and when he had, as it were, squeezed dry his prize, he would toss it aside with delightful abandon. A striking illustration of this habit came under my observation after I had left Washington and returned to California. Captain Bulkely, of the United States revenue marine service, then stationed in San Francisco, had had considerable experience in Alaska; and as the purchase of that territory was then under consideration, he was called to Washington by the Treasury Department. Senator Sumner sent for him, and treated him with the most distinguished consideration, inviting him to his house and showing him every possible attention, while collecting the materials on which he conducted his noble and successful work to secure the confirmation of the treaty negotiated for the purchase of Alaska by Secretary Seward. I had given the captain a letter of introduction to the senator, at the same time warning him that he would be a "squeezed orange" when Sumner had done with him. Bulkely returned to San Francisco very much astonished that he had been a favorite guest for a few days at the senator's house, and that Sumner had failed to recognize him when they subsequently met.

"Bluff Ben Wade" of Ohio, as he was familiarly known to his friends and admirers, was one of the most notable figures in the Senate during the war times. He was in person the embodiment of the high qualities that he possessed — manliness, courage, vehemence, and a certain bull-dog obduracy truly masterful. His figure was stout, sturdy, and muscular, a little above the medium height, and indicative of great physical endurance. His iron-gray hair, sharp bright eyes, and firm-set jaw were characteristic of the alert and combative statesman that he was. Nevertheless, Wade was a tender-hearted, gracious, and lovable man. His impatience with the apparent sluggishness of Lincoln's administration betrayed him into frequent exhibitions of bad temper, and his intense radicalism too often hurried him into complications with the more conservative Union politicians in Washington; and he did not always extricate himself from these entanglements with credit to himself.

William Pitt Fessenden of Maine was chairman of the Senate Committee on Finance during the greater part of the war, and before his translation to the chair of the Treasury Department, made vacant by the sudden resignation of Secretary Chase. Fessenden was a tall, spare man, with angular features and figure, and a pale, intellectual face, from which the iron-gray hair was carefully brushed backward. His manner was cold, dry, and severe. His humor was acrid and biting. Remonstrating with a member of the House who had championed a bill for the abolition of the franking privilege, but who wanted it quietly strangled in the Senate, Fessenden grimly said: "My dear fellow, you can't make the reputation of a statesman with fourpence-ha'penny tricks like that." Another politician — a gentleman from Nevada — approached Fessenden to secure his aid in putting through the Senate a bill appro-

priating money to establish a United States branch mint in Carson, Nevada. Among other arguments to move the senator's objection that the Territory was too young and too small to amount to anything, the Nevada man said: "All that the Territory needs to make it a good State is a little more water, and a little better society." "That 's all that hell wants," was the Maine senator's discouraging reply.

"Zack" Chandler of Michigan, tall, saturnine, at times grim and at times jocular, was one of the senators who attracted the attention of visitors to the Capitol; his bold and sometimes reckless audacity, his perfect self-control, and his wonderful familiarity with the ins and outs of politics, made him a most interesting personality in the Senate.

Occasionally a cabinet minister would stray into the sacred precincts of the Senate, or Hooker, Burnside, or Meade would be seen sitting in the corner of the chamber consulting with Senator Wilson, or some other Republican leader identified with the conduct of the war.

CABINET AND EXECUTIVE OFFICERS.

Secretary Seward was slight and small in stature, light-haired, and oddly hostile to all attempts at taking his likeness. His manner in public was elegant and courtly, and he was one of the few men I ever knew in Washington who made a practice of bowing to apparent strangers who looked at him as if they knew who he was. He usually wore a dark-colored frock-coat and light trousers, and his figure was erect and alert. He was affable and courteous in address, and was seldom excited or outwardly ruffled. Like Lincoln, he was fond of good stories, and he was himself a capital story-teller as well as a good smoker; and his cigars were famous for their high quality. Rightly or wrongly, he was popularly regarded as friendly to McClellan, and for that reason was disliked by Mrs. Lincoln, who would have been glad if the President had put Mr. Seward out of the State Department, and put in his place Mr. Sumner, whom she greatly admired.

Once I saw Secretary Seward engaged in a case before the United States Supreme Court. This was probably his only appearance before that tribunal during his term of office in the State Department. It was in the celebrated Albany bridge case, which had been carried over from a period before Mr. Seward's appointment. His manner at that time was not impressive. He spoke with great deliberation, and he frequently fumbled with a big red silk handkerchief that lay on the table before him, and once in a while he blew a tremendous blast on his very large nose, as if he were in the habit of taking snuff.

Secretary Stanton was not often seen outside the War Department building. He apparently spent his days and nights in that musty old barrack. His customary position in his office was standing at a high, long desk, facing the principal entrance to the room, and open to all who had the right of audience; for he shunned every semblance of privacy in office. From that awful tribunal, so well remembered by all who had occasion to approach the great War Secretary on matters of public importance, were issued many orders of supreme moment. He was opinionated, almost immovable in his judgments, yet absolutely just when not led astray by his impetuous temper, as he was apt to be at times in the prodigious rush of official cares. Unlike nearly all his associates in the cabinet, Stanton was never accused of having any ambitions for a higher place than his own. He lived in handsome style, entertained generously, and was desperately hated by the newspaper men, some of whom appeared to regard him as a fiend incarnate. Certainly, Stanton's terrific earnestness in the prosecution of the war, and the maintenance of the discipline of the military service, made him regardless of many of the minor graces of life which might have endeared him to a generation of men who held him in the highest respect for his patriotism, great public services, and wonderful talent for administration. His spectacled face, with full black whiskers grizzled with gray, and a peculiar silvery streak on the chin, is familiar to thousands of Americans who have seen his portrait on the paper currency of the nation.

Lincoln appeared to have not only a great respect for Secretary Stanton's abilities, but a certain diffidence about any attempt to thwart the Secretary in any way. I doubt very much if he ever said — as was reported of him — that he "had no influence with this administration," the War Department being especially referred to; but I know that he disliked to contradict or interfere with the Secretary if it could be avoided. On more than one occasion, however, the Secretary's iron will had to give way before a decisive order. An amusing, and yet striking, illustration of the qualities of mind of the President and Secretary was afforded in the case of Captain T. T. Eckert, then superintendent of the military telegraph bureau that had been created in the War Department (and now president of the Western Union Telegraph Company). Captain Eckert was a man of indomitable industry, an incessant worker, and he was so overburdened with labor that he seldom left his quarters, where he was "cribbed, cabined, and confined" near the War Department building, even for needful rest and sleep. Much to Eckert's amazement and chagrin, Captain Sanford, also attached to the military service as a special officer (and afterward well known as presi-

dent of an express company), was detailed to take his place as superintendent of the bureau. Captain Sanford was reluctant to displace Captain Eckert, especially as he was not familiar with the practical working of the telegraph. Accordingly, Sanford took occasion to let Eckert know that he was to be displaced "for neglect of duty," by the order of the Secretary of War. An allegation so unjust wounded and surprised the hard-working and harassed officer, who was conscious that he had done his full duty by the government. The upshot of the business was that Captain Eckert, after he had succeeded in sending in his resignation before his order of dismissal could reach him, was permitted to face the War Secretary for the first time since he had been on duty. It appeared that Captain Eckert had originally been ordered to report to General McClellan, and those orders had never been changed or revoked. Stanton had forgotten this, or did not know it; and he had charged to the remissness of Captain Eckert's bureau the currency on the streets of Washington of military intelligence, which had really leaked out from McClellan's headquarters. The Secretary learned for the first time, in reply to questions propounded by him with almost brutal sternness, that Captain Eckert's orders required him to report to General McClellan, and not to the Secretary of War, nor even to the President. While this harsh catechism was going on, the tall form of the President appeared in the doorway behind the captain, and Lincoln, lingering for a moment as he entered, heard some portions of the talk. Then, striding forward, he cheerily addressed Eckert (who, by the way, had been appointed from Ohio) with, "How now, my Buckeye friend, what 's the trouble here?" When he was told that the captain was on the point of being discharged for neglect of duty, the President expressed his amazement, and said that he had long been in the habit of going to Captain Eckert's office for news from the front, for encouragement and comfort when he was anxious and depressed. He had gone there, he said, at all hours of the day and night, — two o'clock in the day, and two o'clock in the morning, at midday, daybreak, and sunrise, — and he had never found the captain absent from his post of duty; and that he should be guilty of neglect of duty was simply incredible. The grim Secretary relaxed his attitude of stern reproach, and Captain Eckert was directed to return to his post with the rank and pay of major, reporting thereafter to the Secretary and the President. In due course of time, Major Eckert was appointed Assistant Secretary of War, and before he resigned his commission at the close of the war, he bore the rank and title of brevet brigadier-general. It was this faithful officer, by the way, who was chosen to carry to the Confederate commissioners at Hampton Roads, later in the war, the President's reply to their appeal, before the President made up his mind, at Grant's suggestion, to go there in person. Lincoln's arrival on the scene when the captain was "having it out" with the headstrong Secretary, was in the nature of a special providence.

Captain Gustavus V. Fox, a man cast in the mold of the indefatigable Secretary of War, but agreeably affable and winning in his manner, was the Assistant Secretary of the Navy, and its informing spirit. Once the President requested me to go to the Navy Department, and see what could be done for a young friend of mine who had been in the army, and who desired to reënlist in the navy, in order to keep his promise not to go back into the military service. And as I was discussing the ways and means, the President said, "Here, take this card to Captain Fox; *he* is the Navy Department." Captain Fox, although a hard worker, was rotund and rosy, the very picture of a good liver who took life easy. But he was capable of performing prodigious feats of labor, and he was a complete encyclopedia of facts and figures relating to the naval service and its collateral branches, and was ready to take up and dispose of any of the multitudinous details of the Navy Department at a moment's notice. He was a marvelously self-poised and ready man, and he was the life and soul of the Department.

Secretary Welles was not readily accessible to anybody, civilian or military, and his gentle and courteous manner, when he was reached, was most disappointing to the visitor. He appeared to be vague and shadowy. One energetic and business-like senator (Conness of California) was wont to declare that the Secretary did not have a tangible shape and that one's arm could sweep through his form. It is hardly necessary to add that the Secretary of the Navy was disliked by the newspaper people, and that he suffered accordingly. One of the craft fancied that he saw in Mr. Welles's face and profile a likeness to the ill-fated consort of Louis XVI., as she is painted by one of the Düsseldorf artists, on her way to execution. And "Marie Antoinette" the Secretary was called by the irreverent newspaper men, who had a nickname for every public man.

President Lincoln dearly loved a good story at the expense of any one of the dignitaries of the time, and he was accustomed to relate with much amusement a tale that was told of the Secretary of the Navy by one of the humorous scribes brought forth by the literary opportunities of the war, — "Orpheus C. Kerr." The story ran that a dying sailor in one of the Washington hospitals said he was ready to go if he could see his old grandmother at home before he died; and

the attendant at his bedside, being directed to ask Secretary Welles if he would personate that relative, the Secretary replied that he would do it with pleasure—but he was then busy examining a model of Noah's ark with a view of introducing it into the United States Navy. One autumnal evening, while the President and his family were lingering at the Soldiers' Home, near Washington, where the summer had been passed, a little party from the city was being entertained. Among these was Mr. A—— T——, of New Hampshire. The President, standing with his back to the fire and his legs spread apart, recited from memory the aforementioned invention, appropriately illustrating it with gestures, much to the amusement of those present. When he had finished, he turned to me and said: "Now don't let the Secretary know that I have been telling these stories on him; for he would be dreadfully mortified if he knew it." Probably I showed some surprise and vexation at this implied and unmerited rebuke; and when we were preparing to retire for the night, the other visitors having departed, Lincoln took occasion to explain that he did not for a moment suppose that I would violate any confidence, but he had used me as a friend to hit Mr. T——, who, as he expressed it, was "a leaky vessel," and might go away and tell all that he had heard, unless warned.

Of the other members of the cabinet, Attorney-General Bates was a gentleman of the old school, short in stature, gray-haired, rather shy and reserved in manner, and not much seen in Washington society. Mr. Bates was of a philosophic turn of mind and a close observer of man and nature; and, when one had made his intimate acquaintance, he was found to be a most delightful talker. In his old-fashioned courtliness he resembled Mr. Seward. Montgomery Blair, Postmaster-General, was rated as the best-read man in Lincoln's cabinet, and he was well versed in literature ancient and contemporaneous; but his manners were awkward and unattractive. In politics he was a restless mischief-maker, and, like his brother Frank, was apparently never so happy as when he was in hot water or was making water hot for others. He was the stormy petrel of the Lincoln administration. Although Caleb B. Smith of Indiana, Secretary of the Interior, was one of the original members of Lincoln's cabinet, his immediate successor, John P. Usher, from the same State, is generally regarded as the representative man in the Interior Department during that administration: he held office from the time of Smith's resignation in the autumn of 1862 to near the end of Lincoln's life. Secretary Usher was a fair, florid, well-nourished and comfortable man, an able lawyer, a great worker, and generally accessible to the newspaper men, who for that reason always had a good word for the good-natured and kindly disposed Secretary of the Interior. This habit of the gentlemen of the press, who classed public men rather by their personal qualities than by their actual merits, appears to have survived the shock of war.

During the time of his occupying the post of confidential military adviser to the President, General Halleck had his office in the Winder building, near the War Department, and his residence was on Georgetown Heights. General Halleck's figure was tall and well proportioned, though somewhat inclined to portliness. His face was exceedingly grave and saturnine, his complexion sallow and dark, and his habitual bearing was that of a man sure of himself and distrustful of everybody else. But in the privacy of his own house he could relax to geniality; he liked a good story, and could tell one with gusto. Halleck was a close student of human nature, and while his smoothly shaven face was a complete mask for his own emotions and thoughts, his large dark penetrating eyes looked through one with searching thoroughness. It is not true that President Lincoln was ruled completely by General Halleck, as so many ill-informed people used to say. Lincoln liked to "talk strategy" with Halleck, but was never very much under the general's influence even in military matters. He had opinions of his own, and was often impatient with Halleck's slowness and extreme caution.

One evening in the early summer of 1863, just after the failure of the naval attack on Fort Sumter, the President asked me to go with him to Halleck's headquarters for a chat with the general. Soon after our arrival, the President and General Halleck fell into a discussion as to the possibility of landing a strong force of artillery and infantry on Morris Island, Charleston Harbor, under cover of the gunboats, to coöperate with the navy in an attack upon the rebel fortifications on Cummings Point. The President said he thought that Fort Sumter might be reduced in this way, and that, by gradual approaches, we could get within range of the city of Charleston. He illustrated his theory of gradual approaches by means of three or four lead-pencils and pen-handles, which he arranged in parallels, shifting them from time to time to show how, according to his notion of military strategy, our lines could be advanced in the desired direction. Halleck would not say that it was impracticable to land troops on the southeast end of the island, but he insisted that they could do nothing after they got there; and he made a strong point of the statement that the strip of land between

Fort Wagner and the place of landing was so narrow that the zigzag parallel lines laid out by the President, according to scientific rules, could not be made. Assistant-Secretary Fox of the Navy Department came in during the conference, and the President appealed to him for his opinion. Captain Fox agreed with Lincoln that the movement could be made, but whenever the President pressed this view upon Halleck, the general invariably replied: "If it were practicable it would have been done; but the plan would be utterly futile for the reason that there is not room enough for the approaches which must be made." Halleck, although he treated the suggestions of Lincoln with great respect, evidently entertained profound contempt for his military knowledge. When we went away Lincoln (whose common-sense view of the situation appeared to me, an amateur, to be sensible and feasible) expressed himself as discouraged with what he called "General Halleck's habitual attitude of demur."

That night, as we walked back to the White House through the grounds between the War Department buildings and the house, I fancied that I saw in the misty moonlight a man dodging behind one of the trees. My heart for a moment stood still, but, as we passed in safety, I came to the conclusion that the dodging figure was a creature of the imagination. Nevertheless, as I parted from the President at the door of the White House, I could not help saying that I thought his going to and fro in the darkness of the night, as it was usually his custom, often alone and unattended, was dangerous recklessness. That night, in deference to his wife's anxious appeal, he had provided himself with a thick oaken stick. He laughed as he showed me this slight weapon, and said, but with some seriousness: "I long ago made up my mind that if anybody wants to kill me, he will do it. If I wore a shirt of mail, and kept myself surrounded by a body-guard, it would be all the same. There are a thousand ways of getting at a man, if it is desired that he should be killed. Besides, in this case, it seems to me the man who would come after me would be just as objectionable to my enemies — if I have any."

The oaken stick to which I have just referred was fashioned from a bit of timber from one of the men-of-war sunk in the fight at Hampton Roads; the ferule was an iron bolt from the rebel ram *Merrimac*, and another bolt from the *Monitor* furnished the head of the cane. After Mr. Lincoln's death, Mrs. Lincoln gave me the stick, which had been presented to the President by an officer of the navy. Subsequently, a careless friend to whom I had lent the relic broke the wood and lost the ferule; but the bolt-head from the *Monitor* finally found its way to the museum of the United States Naval Academy, where it now rests secure.

Noah Brooks.

AN EVENING.

CLOUD-GLOOMED, the colorless, disheartened day
Hath wept itself to death: the fitful wind,
Upstarting wildly, like some haunted mind,
Sweeps through the dripping thicket, and away
Across the darkening fields. It fans the spray
From huddling weeds that wintry storms unkind
Have stripped of leaf and bloom — sad ghosts, resigned,
Trance-like, to buffetings and slow decay.
The dull flame of the sunset, lingering still,
Burns faint above the sodden dusk's blurred rim:
The landscape grows more featureless and dim,
And stormy darkness surges round the hill.
But well I love the wind and driving rain,
Which help me to forget my own heart's pain.

Robert Burns Wilson.

TOPICS OF THE TIME.

Good Government in New York.

A FAILURE on the part of the citizens of New York to drive Tammany Hall from power, after the revelations of corruption made in connection with the last election, and through the Legislative Committee and the police trials, and after a full understanding of the character of some of the appointments made by the present mayor, would renew the disgrace that this ignoble domination has brought not only upon the city and upon the nation, but upon republican institutions.

All that can save Tammany from such a combination as would make its overthrow certain is a blind, unintelligent, and in this case well nigh criminal allegiance to the supposed interests of national parties.

No good Democrat should be ignorant of the fact that Tammany Hall is a curse to the national party it pretends to serve, and sometimes does serve when it is clearly to its interest to do so, but to which it is a continual reproach, and upon which it is a crushing burden,— almost as hard to bear as was the burden of slavery before the war.

No good Republican should be so eager for local "spoils" or partizan advantage as to refuse to strike hands with good men of the opposite party in undoing its old enemy,— or should refuse the opportunity of "driving into the open" that curse of local Republicanism, the Tammany Republican.

The campaign in the city of New York is not only against Tammany Hall, it is in favor of permanent reform in the separation of national from city politics. The banners of the Good Government Clubs have inscribed upon them the true motto of the campaign: "For the City." It is a fight for a clean, intelligent, progressive government, not for the benefit of any machine, but for the benefit of the whole people.

But the campaign, successful or unsuccessful, must not end with the election. Aside from the corruption in high places and low, the city is behind other great cities of the world in many details and devices of government. This is the era of improved municipal administration, and while New York can make a good showing in some matters, in others it is at least twenty years behind the age. Even when "Tammany methods" have been rooted out, there will be need of endless energy in the prosecution of greatly needed reforms.

Congress and the Forestry Question.

"IT is an ill wind that blows nobody good," and the recent tempests of flame which have raged in four or five States on the Canadian border, and which have excited the sympathy of the civilized world, may have at least the good result of awakening Congress to the necessity of better methods of guarding the national forests against the same danger. The indifference of the average legislator is to blame for the prolongation of many a public peril; but he is by no means obtuse or sordid, and we look forward with confidence to the ultimate outcome of the present wide-spread interest in forest preservation. The national government, we believe, has little or no relation of ownership to the forests which have recently been destroyed; but in this country the interplay of State and national legislation is so intimate that to enact measures of security for the public forests would be to influence favorably the policy of the States themselves. The fate of Minnesota, Wisconsin, and Michigan might, with slight change of conditions, have been the fate of other States— of even so humid a State as Washington, where by singular good fortune the town of Whatcom barely escaped destruction by forest fires; and one has only to consult the records of the newspapers to note that the national forests also are continually being depleted by this terrible agency. Callous indeed would be the conscience of that senator or representative who, with the object-lesson of these disasters before him, could refuse favorable consideration to a bill for forest preservation bearing the stamp of expert scientific knowledge. The consideration and passage of such a measure at the December session are well nigh imperative.

During the past year several events have given encouragement to those who are solicitous as to the future of American forests. The placing of lumber on the free list, whatever its commercial effect may be, will be of extraordinary conservative value by reducing at once the timber-dealers' temptation to indiscriminate cutting, and by insuring more careful management of the forests. Together with the recent calamity, it will for a time guarantee a more watchful activity in the prevention of fire. It is to be hoped that the great companies will now see the advantage of a systematic employment of belt lines for the localization of the danger.

In the second place, we seem to have reached the end of our temporizing and shifty policy with reference to the Adirondack Reserve. Last spring the ruinous plan of cutting the twelve-inch timber, to which the Forest Commission had committed itself, met with successful opposition from a public-spirited official, State Engineer Campbell W. Adams, and hundreds of permits were thus nullified. More recently has Comptroller Roberts announced the discovery of a wide-spread conspiracy to defraud the State and despoil the Reserve by illegal cutting, cancellation of tax sales, etc. These perils have aroused the State and caused the passage, by a unanimous vote, of the amendment to the State constitution which, at the instance of the New York Board of Trade, was submitted to the Albany Convention, prohibiting the sale or exchange of lands now acquired or to be acquired by the State within the lines of the Reserve, and prohibiting the cutting or sale of timber on such lands. Were the region involved the heart of a virgin forest in the Alleghanies, it would be unnecessary, and perhaps unwise, to resort to a constitutional amendment to protect it; but in a region like the Adirondacks, where the soil is thin and poor, and the timber is already greatly depleted, and the greed of private gain is so reckless, it is the part of prudence and foresight to put beyond legal peradventure what is left of this great conservator of health and source of commercial prosperity to the whole State. It is not necessary that we should wait

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